I can see my baby swingin'

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/48261613.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Not Canon Compliant, Not canon compliant Will Graham, Possessive Hannibal Lecter, Top Hannibal Lecter, Bottom Will Graham, Young Will Graham, Someone Help Will Graham, Emotional Manipulation, Mind Manipulation, Hannibal Lecter Loves Will Graham, Will Graham Loves Hannibal Lecter, Librarian Will Graham, Psychiatrist Hannibal Lecter
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2023-07-01 Updated: 2023-09-04 Words: 3,838 Chapters: 2/?

I can see my baby swingin'

by Siwer

Summary

Hannibal Lecter just wanted to buy a book. He didn't know he would meet the most beautiful creature he had ever seen.

Notes

Hi everyone, it's my first try to post in english. I'm doing my best, but mistakes can occur. Have fun !

See the end of the work for more notes

1.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal never ever saw a boy this pretty.

His pale skin. His baby blue eyes. The way his pretty face was framed by the sun. Even his untamed brown curls looked perfect. He was an angel sent from above.

"Sir ?" the young man in his twenties asked. "May I help you ?"

Even his soft voice was an entrance door to heaven. Hannibal knew. It was him, or nobody else.

He looked around for a second. If he truly wanted to, he could kidnap the boy right away. The streets were empty and no one was around on this shiny Monday afternoon. The fate was with the doctor.

He met two interrogating eyes. Color of the Baltic Sea.

"My apologies, I was looking to buy a novel at the bookstore, but apparently, it’s closed."

His accent was even stronger due to the appealing tentation. The delightful creature was trying to guess what his origins were. Hannibal saw it in his pale eyes. *Curious Boy*.

"Oh, I closed it just to go buy a can of soda and some paperclips. If you may wait a second…"

The young Adonis simply crouched to open the store. Hannibal was thankful the pretty thing didn't look at him, because he knew he had eyes full of hunger looking at the boy’s spine.

The shop smelled like dust and paper. Books were everywhere. Piles on the ground, on the desk the boy went at, on the already overcrowded shelves. It was messy, it was pretty, it was creative: everything the perfect creature was.

"Are you looking for something in particular ?" he said, ready to help.

"I am, but I would gladly enjoy wandering a little bit."

Obliging boy.

The pretty thing smiled and cautiously opened his can of soda.

"Then I’ll let you enjoy," he said before taking a gulp.

Hannibal observed how the delicate throat was moving. He has never been this thankful for his god-like self control. Such a simple gesture could make any fool feral. And how could

such a precious thing, so messy, so unbothered, make him feel this way ? He was a man of control. He made his entire life tidy and manageable.

He did one of his polite smiles and walked away after a thank you. His mind was already spiraling.

What should he do ? Should he act normally, as a good member of society, or should he go the way he attended to, if he ever crossed the path of such a pretty thing ?

He let his fingers caress the covers in front of his face softly, imagining the little elf who placed it maybe a few weeks ago. He was smaller than him, he probably needed a stool. Maybe an old pile of encyclopedias, just tall enough so he had to reach the shelf with his arm stretched, revealing a tiny waist under his messed t-shirt and…

Growling in a bookshop seemed inappropriate. He managed to keep his mouth closed. God, he barely knew the doe-eyed man and seemed to be breaking down already.

Breathing in, breathing out. He returned a few moments later, a more relaxed smile on his face.

The boy…His boy was focused on his laptop screen while opening a cardboard box with a pocket knife. Hannibal knew what was going to happen, and decided to keep his mouth shut.

Soon enough, the knife broke skin as his little elf whimpered vividly. The clumsy little thing ! How could he survive such an hostile world without a man like Hannibal to protect him ? His eyes didn't leave him as he watched the poor thing sucking his finger to ease the pain.

"May I see ? I’m a doctor."

Again, two interrogating eyes met his. It was like the angel never had the opportunity to give consent. Hannibal knew why: men would kill to touch such a living beauty, forgetting even the slightest decency before grabbing his poor hand and make the pain stop, one way or another, with their gross and sweaty palms.

Carefully, with doe-eyes, the young man gave his bleeding hand to Hannibal. While he knew it didn’t need stitches, he took the time to observe the docile little hand. Such a little paw between his fingers ! He could break it or pin it so easily. Hannibal wanted to worship it, like the rest of his body.

"Nothing we need to worry about. Do you have a first aid kit ?"

"Behind you, next to the door," the boy answered, still in little shock because of his bloody fingers.

Hannibal took the kit that was barely visible under newspapers, put it on the desk and carefully took out a gauze pad before putting disinfectant on it.

"You surely are a doctor," said his clumsy thing while giving him his hand again. "I saw it right away."

Oh, delightful little angel. Of course he knew.

"What made you think I am a doctor ?"

Hannibal knew the answer already: he had heard it many times. But he wanted his boy to praise him. He wanted to enter his mind.

"The way you carry yourself with calm and confidence," he obligingly answered. "You're not the kind to be disobeyed at. You're precise and concise even out of the operating block."

Such a smart, delightful pretty thing ! Hannibal knew he wasn't only beauty: he was brains too. He wanted to ravish his pretty face with a million little kisses.

"It's a shame you have such a precise mind, just to be clumsy while opening a box. What was on that screen that needed all your attention ?"

His creature blushed at the question. Hannibal's pupils grew wider.

"My master's thesis. I'm supposed to give a presentation in early July. It's an analysis of Wuthering Heights' character Heathcliff."

Obviously, a literature boy. The psychiatrist could have guessed even before he entered the library: eyes full of dreams, always looking away. He probably lived more in his pretty head than with the rest of humanity.

Hannibal was obsessed already.

"I am not worried about your success," he said while applying a band-aid. "You seem like a smart young man."

He wanted to add pretty, but he knew it was a faux-pas. Either the boy would get scared by such a bold compliment or was used to people praising his beauty. He needed to stand out even more than he already did.

Again, his boy blushed. Pretty red with pretty blue on his face.

"Thank you, Sir. Or, should I say: Doctor."

He took the time to appreciate the way those pretty lips looked while pronouncing his title. And then, finally, let go of his hand.

"Now that I'm relieved to see you cured, may I ask your name ?"

Hannibal was going to send him a million roses once he graduated. He needed a name to cherish and devour his boy in his dreams.

"William Graham," said his pretty thing with a soft smile. "People call me Will."

Such a pretty name for such a pretty thing ! Wilhem, Guillaume, William, a very European name he had.

"May I suppose you have some British blood, William ?"

Will answered with the look of an excited puppy:

"I am British. My dad made us move overseas when I was ten. Sometimes, when I’m sleepy or angry, my accent overlaps."

The doctor smiled softly. Anything his boy added was a wonderful discovery.

"Then it makes us both Europeans on the land of liberty, it seems."

William, the smart thing, was going to add something when Hannibal’s expensive watch beeped. His brows furrowed when he saw the hour.

"My dear boy," he said while reorganizing and closing the first aid kit, "I’m afraid I need to go."

"Oh, silly me with my clumsiness !" started the so-called dear boy. "You didn’t even have the time to find your book. What’s the title ? I can search it quickly."

Delicious little thing and his eagerness to do well ! Hannibal was full of fondness for him.

"I have another idea: if you promise me not to hurt yourself by then, I’ll make sure to come back by the end of the week."

He disguised his order with some caring manners while looking at his blushing boy, who nodded obediently.

"Then I’ll see you. Take care, William."

"Take care, Doctor…?"

His boy was waiting for a name, but he didn’t want him to know too much already. He wanted him to wonder, to imagine what his name, his life, was like.

He simply smiled before leaving the shop.

Not kidnapping him.

Chapter End Notes

I talk more deeply about my work on tumblr @siwer
title taken from West Coast - Lana Del Ray. I just imagine Will dancing on the music while Hannibal is watching him.

Will looks like this.

2.

Chapter Summary

Will sees the doctor once again. Bev helps him.

Chapter Notes

Beverly Katz is played by Hettienne Park, who is of South Korean descent. So, in this fanfiction, Beverly has South Korean origins. Enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The doctor never left Will's mind.

He thought about him any time of the day. When he was at the bookshop. When he needed to study for his thesis. When Bev was talking to him about science papers.

"Sorry, what ?" he finally answered, coming back to planet Earth.

Bev laughed.

"I'm used to you being a daydreamer, but nowadays it's even worse. Is it that sexy doctor again ?"

Will's cheeks went red while he tried to organize a pile of Italian classic novels in the European section. He had simply told her he met "a doctor with expensive clothes and an interesting accent" and she was already imagining things.

"I never told you he was sexy."

"No, but I guessed it."

Will coughed and turned his back to place the books on the shelf. Bev knew him too well.

"Willie-sweetie, you're used to people finding you attractive. What's new is that you now care about one of them."

"He didn't say I was attractive", he mumbled in his shirt.

"He what ?"

“I said: he didn’t tell me he found me pretty or something.”

Will was well-aware of his charms. He knew his privilege from the moment he was out of the womb, almost. People calling him pretty, handsome, attractive. People asking him to pose for a magazine. People asking him to model (even if he was way too short to be one). People stopping their walk to observe how God could create such a pretty face.

For most parts, he liked it: free drinks, compliments, kinder interactions. The thing was: people never cared to acknowledge something else. Will always felt like a pinned butterfly on display at a museum. His passions, his others traits, they were simply a way for people to look at his face while he spoke into the void. Apart from Bev, no one ever seemed to care about what he loved, thought or believed.

But, funny enough, the doctor not telling him he was attractive made him a bit insecure.

“But he told you that you were smart. Which is true. And clumsy. Which is also true.”

Will, *the clumsy thing*, looked at the bandage on his finger. Bev took care of it for him and used ones with dinosaurs on them, because he was a fucking *crybaby* . When the doctor left, he made sure to sit straight on his stool and didn't move an inch before Bev came with her car to bring them back home, shivering like a kitten.

“He didn’t give me his name. I don’t know if he didn’t get it, or if he did it on purpose.”

“To make sure you think of him before he comes back ? Sure it works. Look at you. I’m pretty sure you imagined him with all European nationalities already.”

She then clapped with her car keys in hand, as a teacher would to grab the attention of her pupils.

“Time to go, Willie-sweetie. I’m hungry.”

“Please, stop calling me that,” he asked *again*.

“Sure, Sweetie-Willie. Let’s go grab something to eat.”

…

It was Thursday afternoon. A little gloomy outside. Maybe a bit stormy, Will wasn’t quite sure. At least, it was the perfect weather to read Wuthering Heights all over again while pretending to work.

“He's more myself than I am” said a voice right into his ear. “Whatever our souls are made of, his and mine are the same.”

Will got startled and dropped his book off his desk. Two elegant and firm hands caught it right away. Will raised his blue orbs to find the face he’s been thinking about all week. He felt his face growing warmer already.

“Hello, Will. My apologies, I didn’t want to scare you,” said the doctor with an apologetic smile before giving his book back to him.

“It’s fine, people are used to me being clumsy… did you do it on purpose ?”

Will immediately felt like an idiot with his running mouth. The doctor’s smile grew wider.

“I must tell I wanted to let you know I was there without frightening you. Unfortunately, it failed.”

Will immediately felt more joyful with the doctor around. The man didn’t seem to be bothered by his quirkiness, even better, he seemed to appreciate it. Very few people accepted it, once his pretty face wasn’t in the way no more.

“It’s okay Doctor, I’m just not used to people quoting me Brontë as a greeting.”

“You seem to be very fond of this book.”

It was like opening the floodgates for William, the boy of books. His eyes lit up as he started:

“I just find Brontë’s way of transcribing toxic characters a masterpiece. She put her heart and soul into her work. While she lived with her family and pets and was never the extrovert kind, she was able to create characters with such complexity and vivacity that it seems she had the ability to… Oh, if I start, Doctor, I’ll keep you here all night” he said while blushing.

The said Doctor seemed to be very attentive about him squealing on his novel. His smile never faded as he said:

“William, my dear boy, it’s a pleasure to listen to you. Never feel ashamed to share your passions with me.”

Will’s heart was pulsing faster and faster every second. His pretty lips got shaped into a ‘o’. No one ever made him such a compliment.

“ I… don’t even know your name, doctor. I can’t even thank you properly. ”

The said doctor took his hand to shake it. Will felt so small, so childish, yet pleased.

“My name is Doctor Hannibal Lecter. It’s a pleasure to meet you. ”

Again, with this new information, his mouth ran faster than his brain:

“Hannibal like… the Carthaginian general that traversed the mountains with his elephants ?”

Will could have felt silly but Hannibal’s smile never left his lips.

“This exact one. I must say you’re very cultured, Will.” he said after letting go of his hand.

“Oh, you know, books… but what kind of doctor are you ?”

“I used to be a surgeon, but decided to study the mind and am now a psychiatrist.”

“That is very impressive.”

Well, that explained his expensive clothes. A very sugar daddy material he was. But Will was pretty sure no one needed to be paid to keep him company. Well, he wouldn’t need to. Lecter was hot.

“So!” he clapped his hands, very Beverly-like, to preserve him from his own racing thoughts, “before any more incident happens, let’s find your book, Dr Lecter. Whats the title ?”

God, now was the truth. If the man asked for a shitty book, Will’s heart would be broken forever. A man with such elegance and looks cannot ask for something dull and stupid, or Will would never trust men ever again.

“I am looking for Ovid’s Metamorphoses.”

Will’s trust was safe ! This man was perfect from all points. His taste was immaculate, as he was. He offered him a big smile and said:

“Great choice, I have a few versions, if you may follow me…”

Like an eager puppy, Will rushed to the back of the store and grabbed his stool, climbing on it to grab the splendid green hardcover embedded with gold. When he turned his back, he saw Hannibal watching him with eyes of envy.

“This is the prettiest Metamorphoses I’ve ever seen.” he said while hugging the book. “There is drawings in almost every page, The paper is the softest I’ve ever touched.”

Will then returned the book and looked at the price. His eyes grew wide.

“Oh shit, a hundred dollars ? I’m sorry I didn’t-”

“I’ll take it.”

Will, feeling so dumb, watched him with an apologetic gaze.

“Please doctor, I don’t want you to feel obligated because I-”

“William, my dear boy. You have exquisite taste in books. You chose this one. I’m more than satisfied to buy it.”

“But-” he tried, still feeling awful, blood rushing through his ears.

“End of it. Now, please go down before you fall and hurt yourself.”

Will, knowing he was right, obeyed. He came back to earth and moved towards the cash register.

Beverly was here, in front of the desk, looking at them.

“Willy-sweetie, did you try to prevent the doctor from buying a book, in a *bookshop* ?”

He almost heard the word ‘sexy’ coming from her mouth. He exploded:

“But it’s damn expensive !”

“I assured him I would gladly buy this version. I, too, find it exquisite” said Dr. Lecter after rejoining them.

Bev, bolder than a thousand Will would ever be, moved her palm to shake hands with him.

“I am Will’s friend and roommate, Beverly. It’s a pleasure to *finally* meet you, doctor...?”

If William was on the shy side, Bev was none of it. His ears got red instead of hers. His gaze met Brontë’s work.

“Doctor Hannibal Lecter. It’s a pleasure to meet William’s acquaintances.”

The so-called William, the sneaky thing, grabbed the Wuthering Heights he was reading and placed it in the bag with Ovid’s Metamorphoses. Then, with a voice he wanted still, he said:

“That would be one hundred and twenty-five dollars.”

Hannibal graciously placed his Black Card in the machine and tapped his code. Will looked away and caught Beverly’s gaze on the said Black Card and knew what she was thinking.

Oh no.

“You know, Doctor Lecter,” purred Bev, “my family’s restaurant is having a buffet-barbecue kind of party this weekend, on Saturday night. The Korean one that opened a month ago. It would be a pleasure to see you there. And Will will be there, *of course*.”

Beverly, the traitor ! She sniffed Hannibal’s money and made the decision to help Will’s love life without asking him.

Hannibal answered, looking unbothered by her boldness :

“If my schedule allows it, it would be a pleasure to drop by and say hello, even for a few minutes.”

He grabbed the bag Will placed on the desk and smiled at them both in all his composure. Will, amazed by the man,the money and the manners, stayed silent.

“William, Beverly. I hope we’ll see each other soon. Good evening.”

He left and, as soon as the door closed, Bev exploded:

“Oh my god Will, he’s fucking hot.”

…

Thanks for Will Saturday finally came. He spent hours helping Bev and her parents as much as he could, rushing back and forth from the kitchens.

“Please remember forever the day I played the matchmaker for you and your sexy doctor” said Beverly while placing meals on the buffet.

Will didn’t even try to reason or argue with her because he knew she was right. Without her, he wouldn’t even hear from Dr. Lecter even again. He placed cardboard cutlery next to the paper towels and looked at the clock.

“Do you think he will come ?” he asked.

“Willie-sweetie, I’m sure he would cross oceans for you. He can cross the city to come and see you. And my parent’s business, at the same time.”

“Look at you!” Will exclaimed. “Why didn’t you pursue a career in business ? You were made for this.”

They got interrupted by Beverly’s mother and her willingness to feed Will like a beautiful baby bird. Before he could escape, he had a spoon full of bibimpap into his mouth.

“Mh-mh, delicious ! Thank you Mrs. Kim !” Will said, a hand on his mouth, the other making a thumbs up to show appreciation, wishing to cross the language barrier this way.

That was the moment Doctor Lecter choose to appear. Will almost choked to death.

Bev came to his rescue by quickly presenting her mom while he managed to stay alive. God, that was a real friend. Will had enough time to cough and recover before he could greet his sexy doctor when Bev’s mother left a few minutes later.

“Hi there, Doctor Lecter,” said Will shyly, a hand still on his chest.

“Hello, Will. It’s a pleasure to see you. I hope you refrain from hurting yourself when a doctor is not around. Are you alright ?”

Was he sentenced to blush like a teenager whenever the doc was around ?

“Will has the ability to be a danger to himself,” said Bev. She grabbed his wounded hand with the brand-new dinosaur plaster on his finger to show the older man. “Yet, he absolutely hates to see blood and injuries, so I have to change his bandages myself.”

Hannibal seemed worried. Will wanted to slam his own stupid head against a wall.

“But don’t worry about me !” he exclaimed. “I’ve been living in this state my entire life and always proceeded to stay alive !”

That joke seemed to be enough, as the doctor smiled back. Bev got called in the kitchens and then it was only Will and his *sexy doctor*.

Hannibal stayed silent for a few seconds before he stated:

“May I say I was utterly surprised to see Brontë’s work with my purchase once I reached home ?”

Will smiled from ear to ear, delighted to hear about it.

“Did you like my gift ?”

He then felt a large hand on the top of his head. His entire body shivered.

“Silly boy. You couldn’t help yourself, did you ?”

The last words barely made it to Will. His entire body felt like lava because a man the age of his dad petted his hair. And the said man didn’t seem to realize how much he liked it.

But twice in the same week, the watch of the doctor rang. He looked at it, while his other hand was still in Will’s hair.

“I’m afraid I need to go already.”

No ! Not again ! Will could not tolerate it. His voice sounded a little bit agressive as he replied:

“So early ? But you just arrived ! Do you work at night or something ?”

Hannibal smiled without answering and reached into his suit pocket to give something to Will. He finally let go of his curls and Will could read the fancy writing. His eyes took some time to realize it was a business card.

“I have a very hectic schedule. But I’ll always make sure to have room for you, William, if you ever need it.”

Will didn’t answer, as he looked at the very Paul Allen-like card, trying to process the last words of Hannibal and the phone number written on the paper. His brain was frozen and he was unable to make a sound.

Hannibal smiled once again, said his goodbyes, and twice in the same week left a completely blown-away Will behind him.

Chapter End Notes

bibimpap is good for the soul.

End Notes

please leave kudos and a kind comment if you enjoyed, means a lot.
Tumblr @siwer

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!